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CANADA — ONTARIO THE BRITISH FLAG

AND

OTHER POEMS

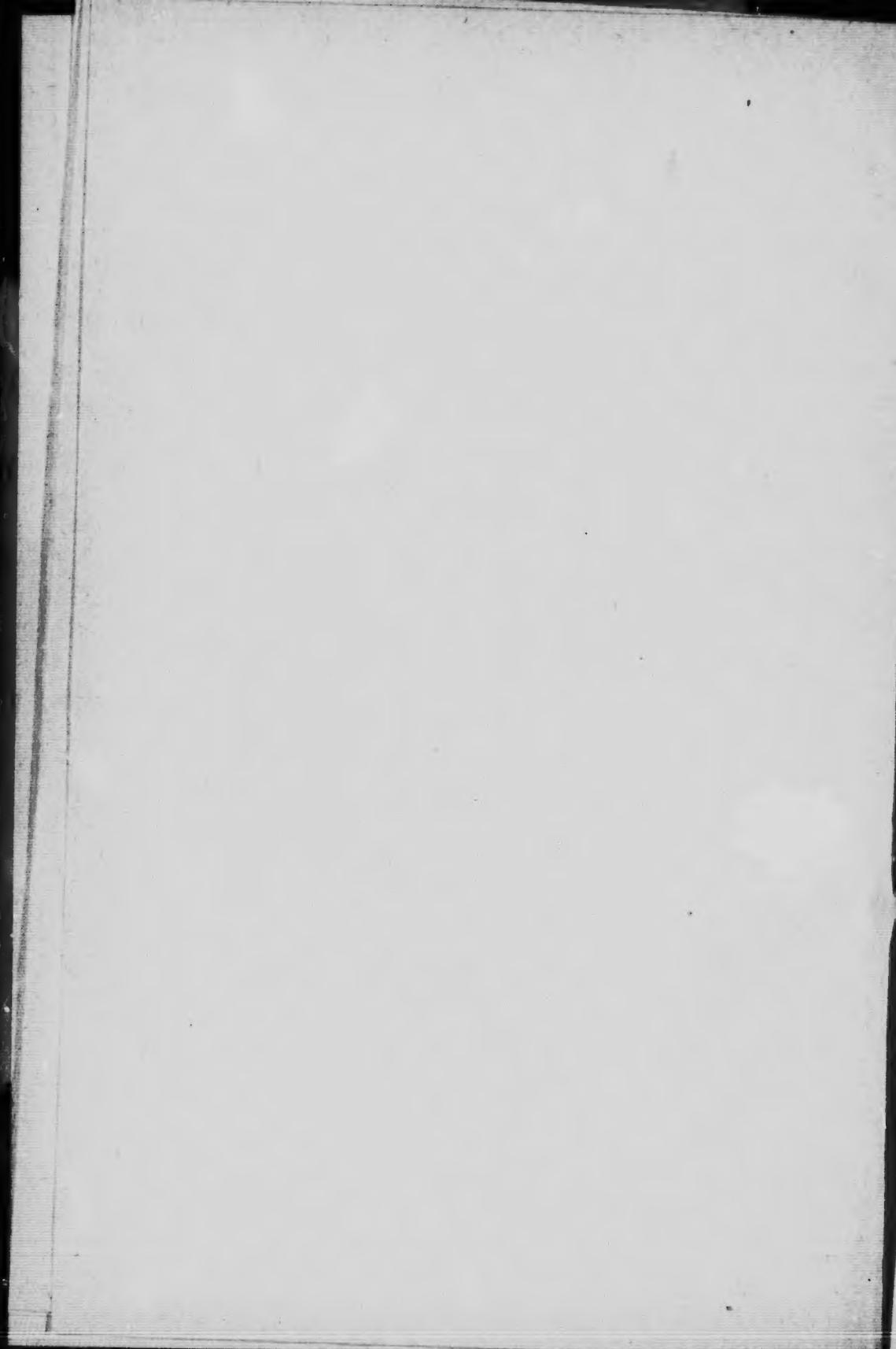
BY

NELSON C. GRAY

MONTREAL, QUE.

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The British Flag.

Flag of the free! banner of the brave!
 Hope of mankind! refuge of the slave!
 Destined to ever wave, o'er land and sea,
 The emblem of right, of truth, and equity.

Le Drapeau Britannique.

Enseigne de la liberté! drapeau des braves!
 L'espoir de l'humanité! refuge de l'esclave!
 A la plus noble des missions, il est destiné,
 L'emblème du droit, du vrai, et de l'équité.

Canada.

A land of beauty grand and free,
 A wide domain, from sea to sea,
 The home of freemen e'er to be,
 Canada I sing of Thee!

A land of boundless fertile plains,
 Great rivers, lakes and mountain chains
 Where all are equal, all are free,
 Canada I sing of Thee!

My native land, you e'er will be,
 The fairest here on earth to me,
 Where'er I roam, where'er I'll be,
 Canada I'll sing of Thee!

Ontario.

I will sing of thee, where'er I go, my native land Ontario!
 To me the fairest here below, is Ontario! Ontario!

I'll turn to thee, where'er I roam, land of ease the freemen's home,
 Of charms and beauties all thine own, Ontario! Ontario!

O'er thy lovely lakes to row, beneath the summer sunset glow,
 Is like a dream of bliss to know, Ontario! Ontario!

In Indian summer's golden time, in maple groves mid scenes divine,
 One feels a charm entirely thine, Ontario! Ontario!

Thy lakes and rivers noble streams, in other lands would oceans seem,
 Of all fair lands thou art the queen, Ontario! Ontario!

Thy meadows, fields of golden grain, mines and forests known to fame,
 To me, there is music in thy name, Ontario! Ontario!

The Pioneers of Canada.

To the shores of the St. Lawrence, in the heroic days of old,
 Came a hardy band of Bretons, fearless, valiant, strong and bold ;
 They came to found a nation, in the forests of the west,
 Raised the symbol of their faith, on Mount Royal's sunny crest.

There as far as human eye could see, was opened to their view,
 A scene of beauty grand and free, 'neath sky of azure blue ;
 The river like a silver band, flowed onward to the sea,
 And there stood the forest primeval, in sombre majesty.

The View from Mount Royal.

As far as human eye can see, here is open to the view,
 A scene of beauty grand and free, 'neath sky of azure blue ;
 The river like a silver band, flowing onward to the sea,
 And here stands the forest primeval, in sombre majesty.

Hymn of Thanksgiving.

I render thanks, to thee dear God, ere yet the day is done,
 For all I have, and ever had, for mercies yet to come.

Through all my daily round of life, where'er I come or go,
 I need, Thing ever watchful care, and all to Thee, I owe.

Thou art the fountain, Lord of life, creator of all things,
 Great ruler of the universe, almighty King of Kings.

Secure, in thy decisions Lord, oh may I ever rest,
 Thine, the measure and the choice, whate'er thou givest, the best.

And may obedience to thy will, be Lord, my sole intent,
 To be thy servant here below, thine humble instrument.

Oliver Cromwell.

Cromwell ! fearless in the cause of right,
 Withstood the fury of the tyrant's might ;
 Proclaimed by church, subjected to the ban,
 Hero, champion of the rights of man !

With noble purpose, ever to the end,
 He dared for truth and honesty contend !
 To aid the weak, the virtuous to defend ;
 Reward the worthy, and the poor befriend.

His watchword ever, and the battle call,
Was equal rights, and liberty for all !
Even justice unto great and small,
Content in freedom's cause, to stand or fall.

On many fields, at Nasby and Dunbar,
His courage proved amid the din of war;
Defeat ne'er tame, the record for to mar,
Of Ironside his regiment famed afar.

The great protector of the commonweal,
Defender, guardian, of its interest real;
He laboured ever, with untiring zeal,
That others would, the rights of freedom feel.

He ever kept his country's honour bright,
The name of England synonym of right;
His mandate made the oppressor's hand be light,
And neighboring despots trembled at his might.

Till Earth the Mansion Hides.

I may not pray, to Thee dear God, as churchmen bid me pray,
On bended knee, in holy books, at mass, or vespers say.
Yet far from me, to raise a gibe, at Psalm or holy rite,
Nor am I of the hapless tribe, who will not see Thy light.

Need I to go unto thy shrine, 'ne pillared aisles among,
When within this heart of mine thy love and fear hath tongue.
Need I to seek, in crowned halls for what with me abides ;
And evermore will here remain, till earth the mansion hides.

The Advent of Spring.

Released again, from winter's icy grasp,
Back, to the northern wilds, now forced away,
Where mid eternal snow, and stormy blast,
He holds supreme, and undisputed sway.

Yielding, to the sun's returning power,
The icy barriers, could no longer stay,
Gathering strength, and volume every hour,
The rivers now resume their limpid way,

Reviving nature, dons her verdant robes,
And feathered songsters, darting on the wing,
Proclaim, in ever, soft melodious tones,
The joyous advent of returning spring.

Delightful season, ever welcome spring,
 All nature smiles, beneath thy magic spell,
 New life to fields and meadows, thou dost bring,
 To shady woodland, and to flowery dell.

Thy presence lends enchantment to the scene,
 And to the landscape, youth and beauty bring ;
 Gliding onward now, each silvery stream,
 In rippling tones, to thee, a welcome sing.

To Mary.

I love you dearest Mary, ever are my thoughts of thee,
 Of the many fair ones, you are the fairest dear to me,
 Together o'er life's pathway, in sunshine, cloud or rain,
 We will wander dearest, ever sweethearts just the same,
 Through good or evil fortune, in health and sickness too,
 I will love you dearest, and will e'er be true to you.

A Story.

(He Did Twist the Golden Rule.)

There was a man named Samson, who lived at Cote St. Paul,
 Now have a little patience, and I will tell you all ;
 How he got rid of trouble that nearly drove him wild,
 His trouble was a parrot with a scream that wasn't mild.

A man made him a present of the bird one summer day,
 And said that he had brought it from Java, far away ;
 Samson taught the bird to whistle, and hurrah for Mercier too.
 The screams were something awful of that wretched cockatoo.

He screamed at morning, noon and night, nearly all the while,
 You could hear his loud and rasping tones, anywhere within a mile ;
 The landlord turned poor Samson out, he wandered up and down,
 He could not find a resting place within the limits of the town.

Now Samson was a pious man, he taught in Sunday-school,
 But to rid him of that trouble, he did twist the golden rule.
 To give, or sell, or kill the bird, he reckoned was a sin,
 But reasoned, there will be no harm, if someone borrows him.

He started for the City, the bird screamed all the way,
 He was looking for two ladies, Mrs. A—— and Mrs. J——.
 He said, they are ladies I have known in days of yore,
 Though having troubles of their own they always borrow more.

He found them, they were pleased their old friend to see,
 That the parrot was a pretty bird, of course they did agree;
 They would like to have a bird like him, why just for company,
 "Oh, you would never be lonesome," Samson said, "I'll guarantee."

He said, "I really cannot sell, or give the bird away,
 But then, of course, I'll lend him to my old friend, Mrs. A——."
 He left the bird and started, it is said, he is in the west.
 Compared to what he suffered, hell would be a place of rest.

Paul Kruger's Prayer.

Ps. 37 5. Commit thy way unto the Lord,
 Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.

We humbly pray to thee our God, our father, and our friend,
 For help in this, our time of need, our country to defend.

The foe in countless thousands swarm, they come from every clime,
 To save our native land, O Lord, we seek thine aid divine.

Thou didest our fathers guide of yore, when but a pilgrim band,
 They crossed the desert and the Vall, and reached their promised land.

We ask thy blessing on our cause, our guide, and strength to be,
 To keep our faith, our home, our laws, O Lord, we trust in thee.

We own allegiance Lord, to none but Thee, where'er our lot be cast,
 And will rest submissive to Thy will, whate'er Thou bringest to pass.

A Story.

(Stating the case of many who roam.)

"I am sick and tired of home" she said,
 As she dusted her room and made up her bed,
 Not sick and tired, discontented and sour,
 She worked a minute, and grumbled an hour.

Here, I work all day and I get no pay,
 She had all that she needed, and all her own way,
 I could have a good time and pay I am told,
 And all that glittered, she thought pure gold.

Then, she hired herself out to a medical man,
 In the hospital, to carry tray, basin and pan,
 From morning till night, she was kept on the run,
 When one job was finished, she another begun.

In a very short time, she began to perceive,
 And experience soon taught, that girl to believe
 What numberless others have learned who do roam,
 There was comfort and ease at home sweet home.

No more from her home by false hopes to be lured,
 She is back from the hospital now and is cured,
 Happiness flows from the heart and the mind—
 Just think of that maxim from time to time.

Ideas of the Socialists.

In the not far distant future, in the days that are to be,
 When men have learned to live, and work in harmony,
 For the advancement of the nation, and the dignity of man,
 When the **Social commonwealth** is established in the land;
 From fraud and superstition having struggled and got free,
 There will be peace and plenty in the land, and liberty.

You will be free, to help your brother then, along the upward path
 To improve his manly nature, to improve his better half,
 You will not say, "I can't afford," and hurry quickly past.
 There will be no beggars then and no one be outcast;
 Everyone will do his share, and use the common store,
 All their needs will be supplied, they will not want for more.

You will be free to do what's right, to do whate'er you can,
 To improve the common lot for the brotherhood of man.
 You will not say, 'well I must live,' and in order that I can,
 I must be 'hard and flinty,' and grind my fellow man,
 There will be peace and plenty for each one where'er he goes,
 The land will flow with milk and honey, ay blossom as the rose.

The girls and women will be free and not obliged to toil
 From dawn till dark, on bread and tea, or burn the midnight oil,
 No one will say 'I know it's a sin,' but we need the mon^{so} so,
 We are so poor to find a job, I don't know where to go,
 All women then will have their rights, not a favoured few,
 They will all be free and joyous, beautiful and true.

You will be free to 'preach the truth,' and scorn to tell a lie,
 You will not say, 'I know it's not so,' but then the salary is high,
 And I might not get another job, and 'I can't afford to try,'
 You will not twist or turn the truth, so as to get your pay,
 No fraud or superstition will be taught then in that day;
 But all will help each other, to keep God's holy way.

Men will be 'free to live in peace,' their native land to hold,
 And not to 'hunters of their kind' to slack their thirst for gold,
 They will not say, 'we are strong,' we have the money and the men,
 They will not kill poor NABOTH, to get his vineyard then,
 There will be 'peace and plenty,' o'er all the smiling land,
 With righteousness, true liberty the brotherhood of m: n.

Individual Liberty.

(The Primordial Right of Man.)

Nature declares man is free to work his destiny!
 Guard well that sacred privilege, the boon of liberty,
 Freedom to think, to reason, speak and act,
 Man's natural right, be he yellow, white or black.
 No special rights to sect, party or degree,
 That would be licence and lead to slavery;
 For they who seek to other men control,
 Of freemen's rights do claim the monopol,
 And although they clamour 'tis for the common good,
 They would enslave the human brotherhood.

What They Pray For.

A Lawyer in his office, sitting idly and alone,
 Prays, and waits for clients, neighbours of his own,
 To wrangle o'er a trifle, as dogs do o'er a bone.

A Doctor prays and listens, to hear his office bell,
 He likes to hear it tinkle, he can then record a bill;
 To live he must have patients, and others must be ill.

A Clergyman in his study, muses thoughtfully and slow,
 I know he was a rascal, rich, cunning, mean and low,
 But a pillar of the church, to heaven he will go.

When there is strife and trouble, the Lawyer does excel,
 When sickness and decease are rife, it pays the doctor well,
 The Clergy share the plunder and pray rascals out of hell.

Now Ends the Year.

Now ends the year, brief period of time,
 With all its joy, its sorrow, and its crime.
 But seen upon the pages of the past,
 Indelibly clear, in letters bold and fast,
 Will be the deeds, and actions of mankind,
 Though time has fled, the record stays behind,
 For stamped upon the memory of each one,
 Will be the good, and evil they have done.

Whither Art Thou Going, Pilgrim ?

Whither art thou going, Pilgrim, tossed upon life's troubled sea,
 What is here, your great ambition, and what means this life to thee ?
 Ponder well, these weighty questions, answer not in flippant tone,
 Time is fleeting, and is lent thee, thy days are numbered quickly
 flown.

If you strive for grandeur, riches, and attain both wealth and power,
 You will have only added troubles, and fortune changes in an hour.

If your aim and your endeavor, lead you to a higher plain.
 And you gain, in manly virtue, your efforts will not be in vain.

If you profit by the lessons of your experience here below,
 You may rise to bliss eternal, when nature calls you hence to go.

If you tread the path of duty, ever steadfast in the right,
 You will win life's battle surely, you will conquer in the fight.

If ever onward, ever upward, be your aim and purpose here,
 You will be, when this life is ended, fitted be for a higher sphere.

The Doctrine of Progress.

Naturalism.

Looking backward through the ages, through the dim and shadowy past,
 Studying nature and its causes, man has found the truth at last,
 And it stands revealed before him, nature's book, stands open wide,
 Sending forth the light of reason for his comfort and his guide.

No more he fears black superstition, he trembles not at hell's dark tide,

Truth has now his fetters riven, and it has cast the veil aside,
 Subject to the law of progress, is of nature the decree,
 And to progress unto perfection is man's natural destiny.

Liberty of Thought.

Proclaim the liberty of thought, the freedom of the mind !
 Man's natural right to seek the truth, as untrammelled as the wind,
 Free from the superstitious dread, instilled into the mind
 The weapon used by churchmen, for the oppression of mankind ;
 Through nature learn of nature's laws, seek there the truth to find,
 Stand fast for liberty of thought, the emancipation of the mind.

The Doctrine of Progress.

Spiritualism.

Behold the rays of heavenly light that shine
 From the natural source of truth divine,
 Dispelling the shades of ignorance and gloom,
 That hover o'er the pathway to the tomb.
 Gilding with hope the distant hills of time,
 Bidding each traveller ever upward climb,
 Beckoning onward to each weary soul,
 Teaching of life, perfection of the goal.
 Shedding a lustre o'er life's troubled sea,
 Teaching man will be, what he wills to be.
 Guiding him ever, on the upward way,
 To realms of bliss and of endless day.
 To regions sublime with harmony's spell,
 Where spirits of light and purity dwell.

An Epitaph.

Beyond the veil he is resting in the beauteous spirit land,
 Where friends, who went before him, dwell an ever joyous band.
 Steadfast in the path of duty, ever was his purpose here,
 He performed life's duties nobly, and attained a higher sphere.

Spirit Friends.

Travelling o'er the limitless realms of space,
 Wafted upon the fleeting wings of time,
 On missions of mercy, comfort and grace,
 Come spirits of light, and of beauty sublime.

Bringing to mortal a message of peace,
 Prompting to truth and to virtue divine,
 Striving his measure of worth to increase
 Bidding him higher and higher to climb.

Silently counselling ever with courage and hope,
 Whispering softly, speaking direct to the mind,
 Aiding with ills and sorrows to cope,
 Helping the wanderer the pathway to find.

Cheering him onward, with glimpses of light,
 With visions of splendor, and beauty supreme,
 Telling of regions of bliss and delight,
 Where dwell the immortals in harmony's gleam.

Patiently waiting till life journey is o'er,
 Guiding and following on to the end,
 Then hastening away to the beautiful shore,
 Where Spirits of light, and purity trend.

The Setting of the Sun.—A Simile.

The evening shadows now are falling o'er the landscape gray,
 The ending day in splendor fades away,
 The sun has set, his destined course is o'er, his day is done,
 He goes to other scenes, new glories just begun ;
 And so with man, when his brief day is o'er, life's course has run,
 Its trials ended, and its battles won.

The Superstitious Dread.

(Instilled into the Mind.)

There once was a man, as I have heard tell,
 Who had such a dread of *death* and of *hell*,
 That he worried and fretted by night and by day,
 Till at last he grew sick and faded away.

He suffered poor mortal, while here upon earth
 He carried the yoke from the day of his birth,
 Was taught when young, how the world did begin,
 And of Adam and Eve, and the original sin.

He was taught that the Devil an Angel of light
 Did make war in heaven and lose in the fight,
 That the Almighty this sentence on him did inflict,
 He was bound and cast into the bottomless pit.

He was taught that the Devil did make his escape,
 That in the form of the serpent he entered the gate,
 Of the Garden of Eden, as fair as could be,
 Where knowledge and wisdom, did grow on a tree.

He was taught that the Devil, Eve did beguile,
 And that when he had spoken to her for a while,
 She did take of the fruit of the tree, and did eat,
 And that she then tempted Adam to practice deceit.

He was taught that by eating the fruit of the tree,
 They where at once made aware of their own nudity,
 That they were too simple to know that before,
 And that aprons of leaves they immediately wore.

He was taught that God in the Garden did walk,
 In the cool of the day, and with Adam did talk,
 That He said unto Adam, "why didst thou this thing,"
 Adam answered, "the woman did cause me to sin."

He was taught that when Adam admitted his sin,
 That his Lord and Creator, then said unto him :
 "Of dust thou art made and to dust will return,
 Your bread, by the sweat of your face you will earn."

He was taught that the Lord sentenced Adam to death,
 Just for eating the fruit, that Eve took by stealth
 From the tree of the knowledge of evil and good,
 That God had made Adam, and knew that we would.

He was taught that the Lord had planted the tree,
 That in the Garden of Eden it was the fairest to see,
 That had Eve never taken the fruit off the branch,
 Adam would still be the gardner and boss of the ranch.

He was taught that Adam with sleep God did sate
 That he then from his side a spare rib did take,
 That the act when performed war by Adam unknown,
 And that God made the woman of that piece of bone.

He was taught that the children of Adam and Eve,
 And that all their descendants whatever the breed,
 Were condemned by the Lord, for their first parents' sin,
 Although they did not have a hand in the thing.

He was taught that Adam from Eden did go,
 That the Lord thought it safer that he should do so,
 For he said lest he take of the fruit tree of life,
 And then live for ever both he and his wife.

He was taught that the Lord himself became man,
 Of the scheme of redemption, of salvation, the plan,
 And that all unbelievers for ever shall dwell,
 As the Lord fore-ordained in the torments of hell.

He was taught that if he had a mind of his own,
 It was sinfull to use it. he would have to atone,
 That he must swallow the Doctrine, be simple and mild,
 And believe with the faith of a very young child.

The Conquest of Canaan.

A man one day in musing o'er the past
 Events recorded of the ancient time,
 Did pause in wonder at the stories told,
 And wrote of deeds performed in Palestine.

That land of promise, which the Lord did give,
 To Abraham and his seed for evermore,
 Commanding them to pillage and to slay,
 The tribes and nations living there before.

That he might have a country, and a race
 Of people more peculiarly his own,
 As numerous as the sands on ocean's shore,
 Chosen to make his power and glory known.

And in that land, with milk and honey blest,
 With corn and wine and olive groves replete,
 The Lord did lengthen out the day of strife,
 Till Joshua made the slaughter more complete.

Thus o'er that land, the hosts of Israel went,
 With ruin and destruction, in their train,
 With sword and spear, they smote the old and young,
 Infants in their mother's arms were slain.

That all the nations of the earth would know,
 And fear the mighty power of Israel's God.
 He gave the orders, spare not beast or man.
 Let none remain alive upon the sod.

They are Slaves Indeed.

He is not free, who led by passion's power,
 Obeys each fleeting impulse of the hour !
 Whate'er his station, and whate'er his creed,
 Though claiming freedom, he is a slave indeed.

He is not free, who bends neath customs rule,
 Or is, by force of habit, its unconscious tool !
 Although of light and liberty he rave,
 Of strength and wisdom, he is but a slave.

He is not free, whom superstition leads,
 And to its dictates blind obedience yields !
 Though Jew or Christian, Moslem or Hindoo,
 Whate'er the doctrine, he is in bondage too.

He is not free, whom prejudice doth sway,
 Who deaf alike to reason and fair play,
 Decides all questions, by a common rule,
 The slave and bigot of a certain school !

He is not free, whom set opinions hold,
 Who deems, only true what has been often told.
 Although he pose as the champion of truth,
 A slave of error taught him in his youth !

He is not free, whom envy doth control,
 Of freemen's rights who claims the monopoly,
 Who seeks his views on other men to bind,
 Is a base enslaver of the humankind !

The Pedagogue—An Educated Ass.

He is learned and travelled, proud and self-conceited,
 Haughty though apish, stubborn and pig-headed,
 And by those who know him he is justly rated,
 As an ordinary jackass, trained and educated,

He like the ass by nature was intended.
 For useful toil, to be driven, worked and fed,
 But early spoiled, by much mistaken kindness,
 Petted instead of whipped, he completely lost his head,
 He grew vain and haughty, and mistook his calling,

Now therefore, he is really good for nothing.

The Pedant.

(The Effect of Education on Some Minds.)

He left the college with a learned degree,
 His head swelled large with pride and vanity,
 He treated others with hauteur and contempt,
 And in an odious manner, rude and insolent,
 Imposed his views, alike on great and small,
 As if he had learned, been taught and knew it all.

He had very soon, conceived the silly notion,
 When of knowledge he had got a portion,
 That everything was taught and learned at school,
 And he judged all questions by that foolish rule.
 Quite ignoring, that the experience of to-day
 Does oft prove false the truth of yesterday.

Now if anyone perchance made a remark,
 On a point or subject, that to him was dark,
 In frenzied tones, he would rail and ridicule,
 That is not taught in college or at school.
 And if it was true professor so and so,
 Would have explained it to me long ago.

True he was learned, had studied, had been taught,
 He had the education that his parents bought,
 But the opinions settled with such great impress,
 It was all the knowledge he did e'er possess,
 His accepted theories, it was useless to gainsay,
 He was deaf alike to reason and fair play.

The Demagogue.

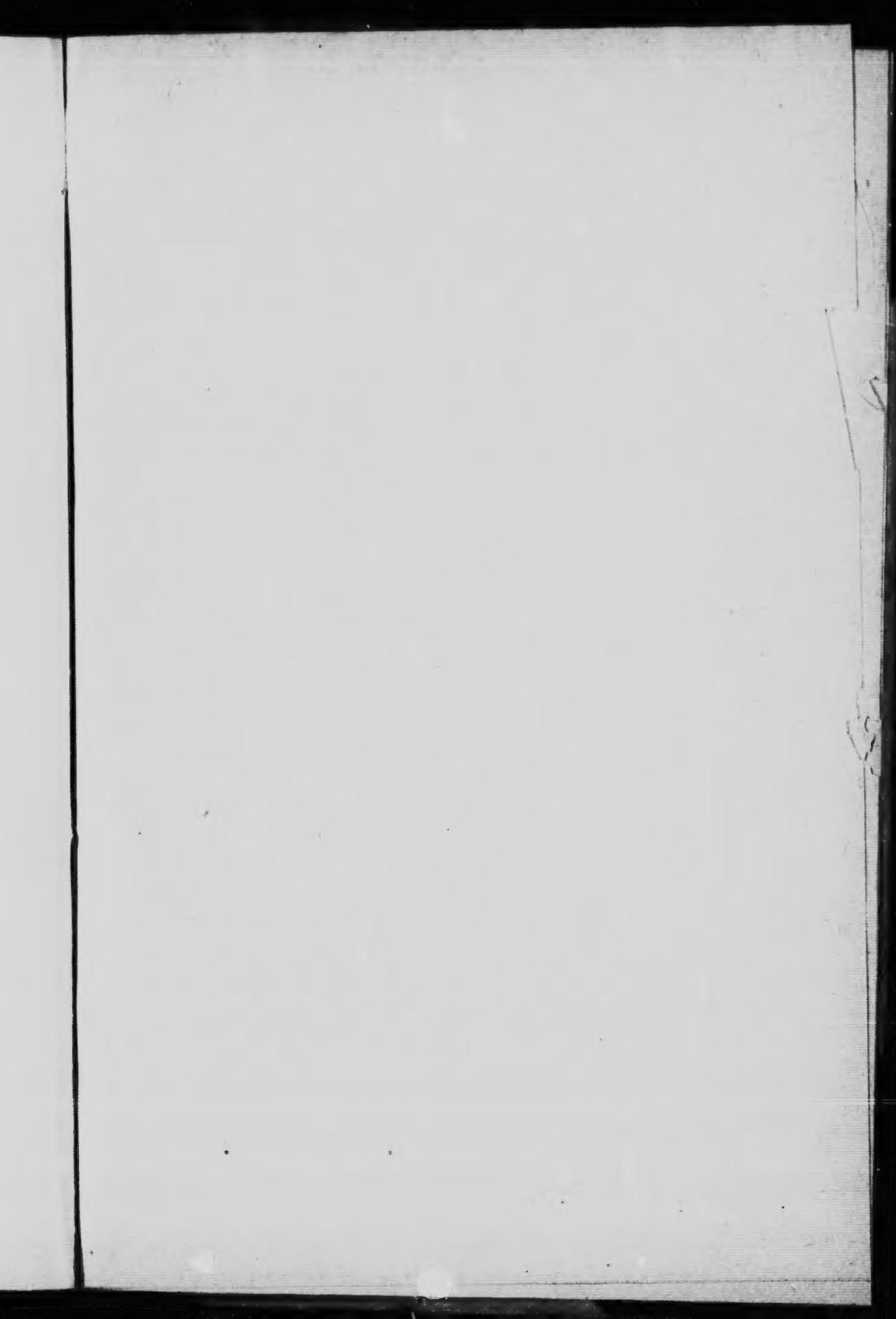
Upon the hustings you can hear him bray,
 He keeps well in sight around election day,
 In flowery language he will overgloss,
 The nefarious actions of some party boss ;
 He upon the feelings of the mob will play,
 He talks for BUNKUM and to get his pay ;
 Is smooth and sleeky, there are many of his brand,
 They are a danger and a curse to any land.

Seek Not Revenge.

He who is moved by spite, revenge, or hate,
 And unto others harm doth contemplate,
 Although he feel of wrong the poisoned dart,
 Is a slave to evil passions of his heart.

Seek not revenge, hate breedeth naught but hate,
 Strife, sorrow, crime, and misery generate,
 This law of right and reason e'er pursue,
 Do unto others as you would have them do.

Seek not revenge, self-interest doth forbid,
 And reason points another course instead.
 You may spend your time your foe to ruin bring,
 And die in the pit that you have dug for him.



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